Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy.

Host. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as
(*Staines,*

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well sir *Iohn* is gone. God be with him.

Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosom, if euer any were:
He went away as if it were a cry sombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide:
His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
And talk of floures, and smile vpō his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn* quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone:
And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack.

Host. That he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnat.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women,
But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of
(*Babylon.*

Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black soule
Burning in hell fire?

Bar.

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his se
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king wil be gone from *Southamp*
Pist. Cleare vp thy cristalles,
Looke to my chattels and my mouea
Trust none: the word is pitch and pay
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog my dea
Therefore cophetua be thy counsello
Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kis: and theres the hu
But adieu.

Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Enter King of France, Bourbo
and others.

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not sl
For he is footed on this land alreadie.

Dolphin. My gratious Lord, tis mee
And arme vs against the foe:
And view the weak & sickly parts of
But let vs do it with no show of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were busied with a Moris da
For my good Lord, she is so idely kin
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous yo
That teare attends her not.

Con. O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you d

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